down in foam beneath the hanging *bur ao* and orange and guava trees, and still one might dawdle the live-long day with the song of the stream in one's ears. Tread softly for you tread on a dream. Not that the average tourist does. If he comes at all, he usually brings with him half-caste girls of the town, whom he calls ' natives' and who get drunk in order to dance for him. True, there is no one else to bring. The Rarahus of Tahiti are no more.

But it was not so yet in Loti's time. Here, in this valley, was enacted in its own way the tragedy of this people. Our author tells how a Chinaman beguiled the laughter-loving unsophisticated child with the promise of a fairy dress, and —well, to-day, there are celestial eyes in half the children of the island. But her lover saved Rarahu for the moment; they climbed this valley hand in hand. Where the great tree-ferns make

dense shade
above the head, they played together in the warm
and scented air ; where the great waterfall tumbles
nine hundred feet into its rocky pool they peeped
like children together. They saw the great peak
of old Aorai behind catch the clouds and brave the